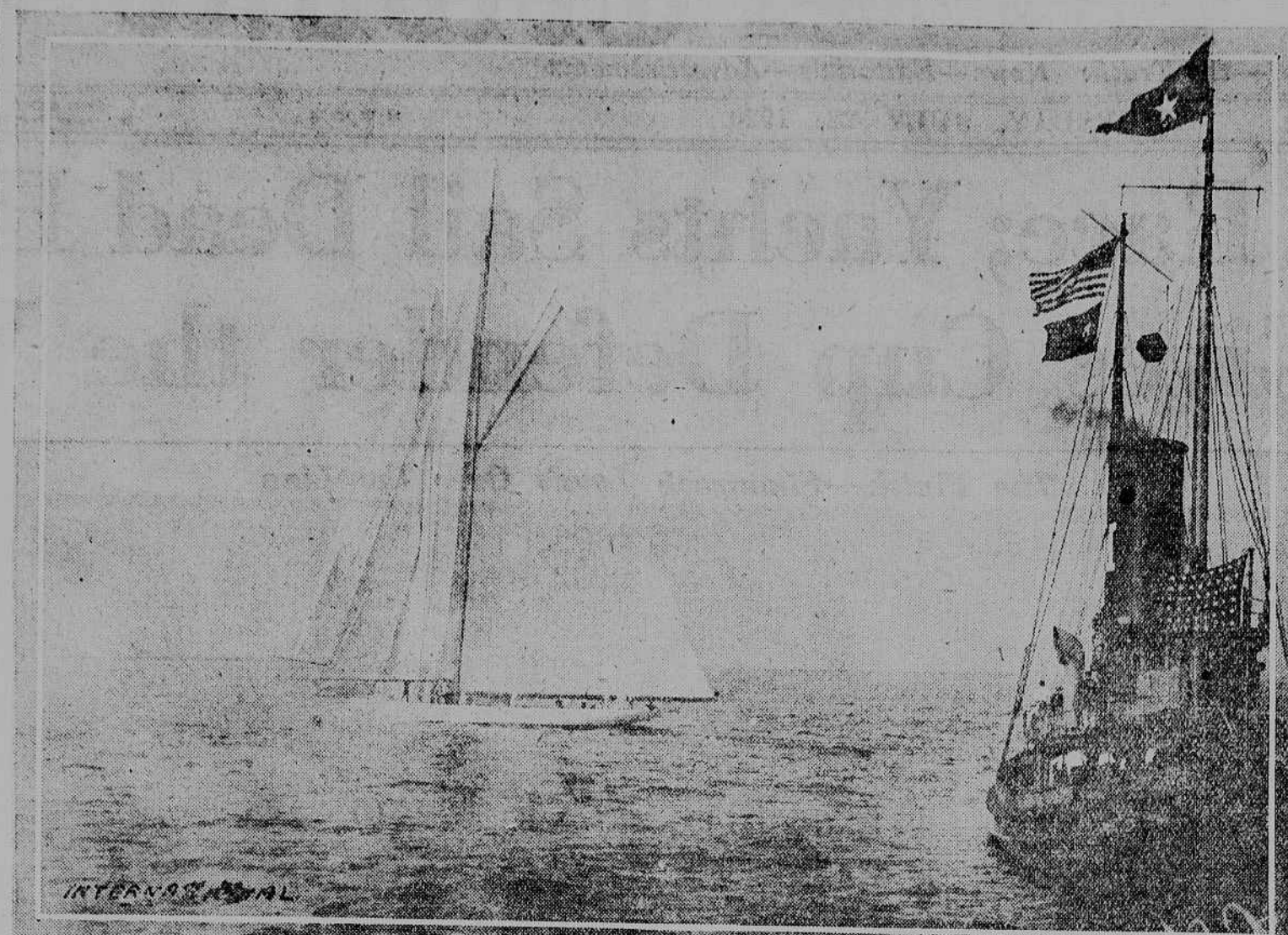


Resolute and Shamrock Abreast



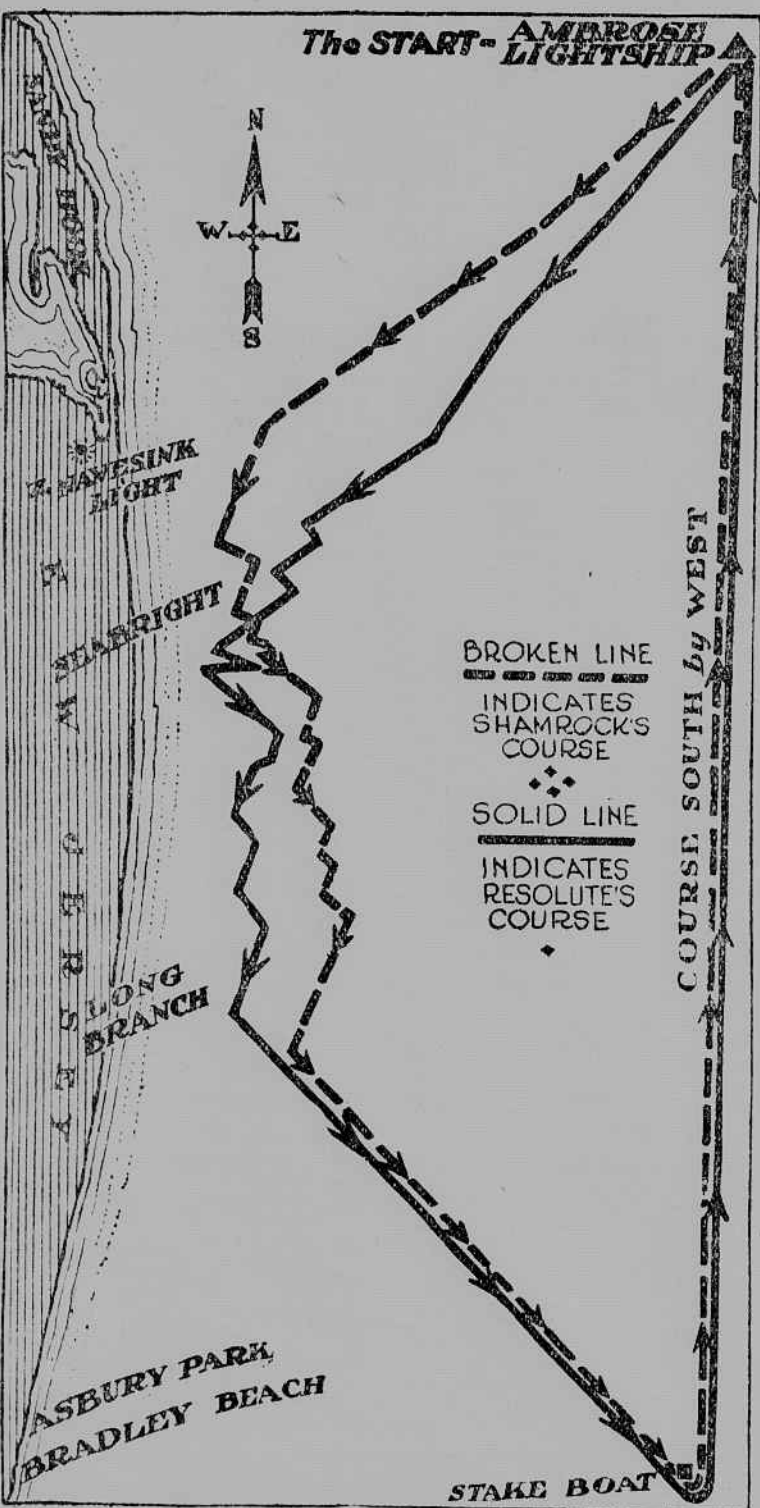
Rivals photographed just after crossing the finishing line. The committee boat is standing by.

Summary of the Third Race

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed	Corrected	1st Leg.	2d Leg.
Resolute	1:00:41	5:03:47	4:03:06	3:57:05	2:24:40	1:48:26
Shamrock	1:00:22	5:03:28	4:03:06	4:03:06	2:26:44	1:36:22

Resolute wins by 7 minutes 1 second, corrected time.

Chart of Yesterday's Race



been computed in the Columbia University laboratory of physics.

If the fact of the time allowance had been concealed from the watchers on the attendant craft, they would have been under the hallucination that they were watching the sea drama of the ages. But the cold facts of the measurements and the calculations had been revealed to them and they knew that they were seeing a very futile attempt of Shamrock to win the third race and the America's Cup.

It was first reported that boat for boat Shamrock IV had won on elapsed time by one second, but this was corrected by signals from the official boat. It was actually a dead heat and the oldest of the followers of yacht races could not recall an instance where this had happened before.

No Race To-day, Shamrock in Dock

There will be no race to-day. Shamrock is ordered into drydock by her owner, Sir Thomas Lipton. The next race will be over the triangular course, and it was over a triangular course that Shamrock outslung and outlacked Resolute Tuesday.

In the next race it would seem that Sir Thomas might see the consummation of his life's ambition, if ever.

In the work to the windward it seemed to be demonstrated that Resolute, with a fair and steady breeze, can outfoot Shamrock by enough distance to prevent that allowance of seven minutes and one second being made in the reach home. Yesterday the defender made that evident under the guidance of Captain Charles Francis Adams, who seemed to feel the pulses of all the winds when he worked his sloop into the breeze, coaxing and wheedling it.

Running before the wind with large but awkward-looking spread of canvas the challenger inevitably will pass the Resolute, but, judging from yesterday's performance, not by enough to make up that time allowance. It would seem that the America's Cup must be lifted on a triangle in the seas off Ambrose Channel if it is to be lifted during this series.

Big Decrease in Audience

The Atlantic ocean melodrama did not have the gallery that the two races outside the channel. The attendant boats were greatly diminished in number. The Orizaba, disgruntled when the revenue officers found something on its side and the Orizaba's rum lockers sealed, was among the missing. The Highlander, which carried members of the New York Yacht Club, was missing, and the little fleet of fishing boats seemed to have been to the conclusion that there were no more thrills in yacht racing and resumed fishing.

The official aerial fleet was just as numerous as ever. One impudent airplane dove down too close to the yachts and seemed to be joy-riding all over the ocean until the air was filled with wireless screams and the defender slunk off to the shore in disgrace. The navy blimp NC-10 ported around above in the same aimless fashion, while the businesslike torpedo destroyers went about their beats methodically. There was no clattering of the course by impulsive small craft. The greatest race of them all found a half-empty sea theater. The interest seemed rapidly on the decline.

Start Postponed an Hour

Working out to the Ambrose light there did not seem to be the sign of a breeze and the start was postponed for an hour while the two yachts waited about among the lolling destroyers and revenue boats. Then there seemed to be just a zephyr from the southwest and a start was called. Shamrock shot across the mark first with cumbersome eagerness into the wind and it seemed the skipper of the challenger tried to blanket the defender to trouble the dainty windpipe of Resolute right at the start. But the ancient trick cost him the lead, for he was back-winded and Resolute pushed out into the lead.

Then followed a series of tacks and feints at tacks until the boats looked like a pair of exaggerated insects in combat as they sparred for an opening on the surface of the sea. The breeze began to freshen and the racers bore off to the Jersey shore in the direction of Deal Beach, heeling more and more as the breeze gradually strengthened. The skipper of Shamrock pointed farthest ahead.

As they worked over to a point of Long Beach they bore close together and again they feinted and fenced. Suddenly Resolute shot across and perceived that feat of national character which is known as blanketing. The sails of Shamrock were all but empty of wind as the result of the maneuver. The skipper of Shamrock tried no more of this jockeying. The challenger bore in sheer, while Resolute roared her way forward against the wind, gaining inch by inch and foot by foot as every succeeding tack denoted.

Resolute became dim against the misty background out to sea, while Shamrock lumbered sullenly far in her light green wake. They heeled till their decks were running with water, for the breeze was steadily freshening as they worked out toward the open ocean.

At 3 o'clock the distance between the two racers had widened to about two-fifths of a mile, and Resolute was coming her way against the wind that seemed to press back against the challenger. By this time both were heading for the mark that glistered against the black hull of the Morgan yacht Corsair. The wind was freshening steadily and there were splashes of white on the swiftly running seas.

By this time the watchers began to realize that what would actually be a race. Not only that, but it promised to be the liveliest race of the series. The destroyer Semmes, traveling in the wake of Shamrock, had to hit it up to ten knots to keep up with the yachts, and the men who worked with steam began to take an interest in the craft that went by power of the wind pressing against the canvas.

Resolute Sweeps Like Falcon

Heeling over at a dizzy angle, Resolute swept up to the mark like a falcon swooping after its quarry. It swept around the glistening buoy with bound. Then came the glistering canvas with the beautiful swift and regularity which has marked the sailing of the American yacht, superlatively at least.

Only for one brief instant the long, white spinnaker seemed to hold and the watchers began to murmur that the last leg was about to be won. But the spinnaker broke out and filled with a snap. Then the balloon jib shot out and the defender was a great white wing and wing, a great white bird with a glistering spread of wings, for just at this instant the sun flashed in the sky to give the proper highlights to the picture.

Shamrock came up to the mark clumsily but with a rush of speed, and began to break out her huge set of canvas. The big overgrown spinnaker shot out and was in an instant. The balloon jib unfolded more slowly and Shamrock was set for the vain but stubborn task of killing that time allowance.

Shamrock already had demonstrated that with the wind behind she could bear down on the defender relentlessly and steadily. It was a foregone conclusion that Shamrock would make up the distance but not mean a victory, unless there was an accident such as there was last Thursday, when Resolute

lost the first race as her throat was choked by a reef in the main sail. They were talking about this on all of the attendant boats as Shamrock sped on her clumsy way before the wind. The snapping of one of those slender spars of Resolute might mean the end of the America's Cup as an American trophy and a long battle to bring it back. The parting of one of those three-like ropes might cause the collapse of that beautiful canvas drape, and the series would end with the loss of the cup.

Hoping Resolute Would Hold

Will she hold? They asked. The wind was almost as heavy as it was on the first day, when the defender collapsed with a lead that would have won a snap. Then the balloon jib shot out and the defender was a great white wing and wing, a great white bird with a glistering spread of wings, for just at this instant the sun flashed in the sky to give the proper highlights to the picture.

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watching a game fighter beaten at the start, but putting up a fight that was a fight.

Each of the boats carried everything that would catch the air. There was no maneuvering to be done. The wind was behind and the mark was dead ahead.

With the result as clear as though "Resolute Wins" was already flaring in the headlines, they gathered on the decks of the attendant boats to watch the passing of the defender by the challenger. It was like watching a motion picture that ought to thrill, that was meant to thrill. But pictures do not count in the face of realities.

Almost within a mile of the lightship and the waiting craft the passing came, and Shamrock led over the mark by open water, shooting for a point directly in the center of the line between the lightship and the stakeboat. She at least flaunted her ample draperies in the finely chiseled face of Resolute, but it was all futile and almost peevish to look at.

The whistles were roaring and the sirens were screaming a welcome. Shamrock bore off to port and began to drop the running canvas. It was heaped on her decks as Resolute crossed the line. It seemed that Shamrock must have won on elapsed time closed in steadily. But by that time it seemed clearly evident that the race was won by Resolute in time allowance, but never beat by boat.

Although the watchers knew that the result of Shamrock across the finish line would not mean a victory, they could not but feel an interest in the picture that she made. It was like

race on the following day, the defender replied that she was ready but Shamrock replied in the negative. Captain Burton decided that she needed a scrap and it was so ordered by Sir Thomas Lipton, whose steam yacht was hovering near the finishing line.

Lipton Cheers for Victor

After talking with Shamrock IV, the Victoria rushed over to Resolute and young course. Sir Thomas Lipton called for three cheers for the victor, and the cheers were given with a will. Sportsman always Sir Thomas, and alive to the courtesies of the sea, even in case of this sort. Sir Thomas, within one race of the ambition of his lifetime, did not forget.

Yesterday the series looked as though it were still in the hands of the wind outside the channel. It is true that Sir Thomas Lipton holds two victories and that he needs only one more.

He already has come nearer to the possession of the cup than any challenger to date. Only once since the quest of the cup started, nearly seventy years ago, has any boat except Shamrock IV won one race from a defender. After a thirteen-year campaign Sir Thomas Lipton had won two.

But one white-haired expert, old in watching and studying cup races, hoarsely declared that heavy feat that was born when Sir Thomas set his heart on the winning of the cup. "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the Lipton," he chuckled. Which venerable voice made one realize, how long and how hard Sir Thomas Lipton had been trying to win back the hundred-guinea cup that the America's brought across the Atlantic.

Favored by Triangular Course

On the showing to-morrow Sir Thomas will know if he is on another victorious quest, according to a consensus of yacht experts. The test yesterday showed that his chance would be slight if the wind on that sort of a course.

But with a triangular course, sailing luck and sailing skill on the part of Captain Burton it might happen. Again, with a breeze that blew at a right angle to the line, the defender might meet with a mishap. Sir Thomas would not relish that sort of a victory, but he might win it.

But, whatever else may happen in this ancient feud, one thing will be a real picture like those that were shown on that fast running sea yesterday. If Shamrock should win by a big margin it will be no spectacle. She will have to lead Resolute so far that the daintily-etched defender will look like a wraith ship again in her misty wake.

The action will all be in the testing up of the watches. The race will be run with the scratching of pencils and pads as they make their additions and subtractions. There are no thrills in the counting house and there is no romance in arithmetic.

Boat-for-Boat Race Urged

If there are to be more campaigns to lift the cup on this side of the Atlantic or the other, it is to be hoped that the rules will let the challenger win a second race if he is beaten for boat, so that the picture of the contests produce any pictures equaling those of yesterday, may mean something.

It was everything that W. Clark Russell and Captain Maryatt dreamed about condensed and epitomized in one flashing series of pictures, a drama that would have made the blood run riot, but long before it was staged a professor of physics, sitting with his tables in a musty laboratory, had it condensed out with figures in advance. Romance, glorious romance of the open sea, was trying to force its way to the sight of the city, but arithmetic slammed the gates in her face.

Shamrock's American Aid And Son Are Sea Heroes

Captain Applegate Received Carnegie Medal for Rescue When Storm Drowned Others

Captain Andrew Jackson Applegate, of Seabright, N. J., who is acting as tide and wind expert on the Shamrock, has another claim to fame. He and his son a few years ago put out on a blow that daunted even the coast guards to accomplish a rescue.

Following the sea along the Atlantic coast from Maine to Florida for fifty years, he came into prominence in 1908 when he dared a tremendous surf and saved two men and a woman stranded in a launch in a gale off Seabright.

A heavy northeast was blowing when the stranded launch, with motor broken down and anchor lost, was sighted. None could be found who would brave the surf until Captain Applegate and his son Howard appeared.

Father and son manned their high-powered ski off the beach and drove through the surf and within an hour pulled alongside the helpless craft three miles offshore.

Taking the stranded trio aboard, they braved the surf at Seabright to aid in the rescue of fishermen.

Dirigible Falls 3,000 Ft. With Race Observers

(Continued from page one)

fore the crowd of bobbing pleasure craft around the lightship was directly below. The two yachts were tacking back and forth waiting for the signal to start. When a signal broke out on the committee tug, hobbling on the swell below, Lieutenant Evans crawled back and forth through the airship to tell his passengers that it meant "race postponed until later at fifteen minute intervals." Back in his seat, he sent the ship circling over the start.

After a thirteen-year campaign Sir Thomas Lipton had won two.

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Superior Work Of Adams Wins Windward Duel

First Five Minutes Prove Resolute Is Master; American Gives Whole Attention to Eating Into Breeze

Skill Taxed to Utmost

Burton Appears to Have Better of Jockeying That Precedes Start of Race

By Jack Lawrence

Resolute won the third America's Cup race yesterday because of her marvelous ability in going to windward and because in that leg of the contest she had exactly the wind velocity she likes best—about ten knots. The failure of Shamrock IV to point with Resolute in the fifteen-mile beat cost the challenger the race and perhaps Sir Thomas Lipton the honor of winning the world's yachting championship.

Another day of doldrums was in prospect when Shamrock and Resolute prepared to leave their respective anchorages in Sandy Hook Bay yesterday morning for their third cup battle. The managers of the big green sloop hoped sincerely that it would be the last race of the series.

The surface of the Lower Bay at that time was a shimmering field of oil, while the only motion on the open sea was a lazy ground swell that kept sightseeing craft rocking monotonously and made those on board feel extremely pallid. The long, long roll had a tendency to give landlubbers a far-away feeling amidships, and during the tedious wait for the starting signal there were many unenthusiastic spectators who wished they were in some solid inland town, like Marion, Ohio.

The faithful navy blimp silhouetted itself languidly against the overcast sky and a lone army plane from Mineola twittered about high overhead. The fleet of onlooking craft had dwindled to a couple of depopulated excursion steamers and that group of yachts owned by dyed-in-the-sea racing fans who are sure to be found on any course where a sail is to be stretched in competition.

Old Reliabilities Are on Hand

J. P. Morgan, commodore of the New York Yacht Club, turned up as usual in the Corsair, which is supposed to be playing the role of guide boat for the cup contenders. The guiding she has tried every trick he knew to get out from under Resolute and made a number of short hitches of hardly one minute's duration. They gained him nothing, and in some instances worked out to the advantage of the defender.

By 2 o'clock the velocity of the wind had increased to twelve knots and the two yachts were close hauled and cutting through the water on their beam-tacks. Between 2:15 and 2:30 the sloop looked a half dozen times, Burton taking the initiative in this struggle to free himself of Resolute's lee. He tried everything known to the game, including fake tacks, but the maneuvering was all to no avail.

The defender was 765 yards in the lead, according to the range finder on the bridge of the destroyer Semmes. This battle, which is the first time in the history of the America's Cup that such a thing has happened.

In the present cup series the challenger has two victories and the defender one. The next race will be on Friday.

Both yachts made the mark on the starboard tack, Resolute at this time appearing to feel the freshest breeze more than the challenger, judging by the way she was heeling as she swooped down on the stake. She rounded the 2:24:40 with a lead of two minutes and four seconds.

The handling of the defender on the turns was a snappy piece of work, her spinnaker pole being in position before she was straightened out for the run down the wind. That sail was up in stops before the turn was made and when the order came to release it the great wing splashed out on the port side without a hitch a few minutes later a balloon jib was set.

Challenger Cuts Down Lead

Burton duplicated these moves after he had rounded the turn, but it looked for a moment as though the spinnaker stops were going to cause the boat the same trouble she had on Tuesday when her balloon. The spinnaker was finally set, however, and the balloon jib followed it quickly.

The long stern chase after the pace-making Resolute then began in earnest, with the wind dropping gradually until it was hardly more than eight knots. It was hardly more than eight knots, but it was enough to give the challenger a lead of a few minutes over the defender.

When the yachts were half way home, or seven and one-half miles from the stake they had just turned, the longer had cut down Resolute's lead to 450 yards; but it was obvious.

There was so little breeze at 11:20 that a postponement sign was hoisted from the committee boat Barton. For an hour the two sloops cruised about in the tidal gyphers, sometimes with hardly enough breeze in their sails to give them steerage way and it was evident that the committee realized that the America's Cup might be won or lost on the Sandy Hook course in this race, and there was no desire to send the boats away in a wind that might devote its entire attention to one, with disastrous results for the other.

The postponement proved to have been a wise move on the part of the Race Committee, for at 12:30 the reviving wind could be seen dappling the surface of the sea far down to the southwest. At 12:45, when the preparatory signal was set, there was only a faint breeze, but it gave every indication of freshening.

The course signals called for a fifteen-mile beat to windward and return, the outer mark being laid by Captain Louis R. Bix in the steamer Ellen Morse. This stake was anchored at a point about seven miles off the beach at Ocean Grove. The first leg would have been practically the entire contest, had it not been for a smoky haze that lay over the water. The mist was so thick during the early part of the first leg that the yachts were at one time almost out of sight of each other.

The warning signal was hoisted on the Barton at 12:55, and at this time there was a nice sailing breeze filling the wings of both sloops.

As in Tuesday's race, Captain Burton appeared to have the better of the jockeying that preceded the start. In a number of short hitches to the west of the line Adams appeared to be content to follow the challenger's wake, allowing the Englishman to initiate the maneuvers.

The starting ball was raised on the

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Friday, the 23d, Seen As Ill Omen by Crews

While the next America's Cup race has been set for to-morrow by the race committee, it was doubtful last night whether the managers of Shamrock IV or Resolute could muster a sufficient number of foremast hands to operate the yachts. Both crews declare that it would be flying in the face of fate to sail a race on Friday, which carries a traditional ill omen for all men of the sea.

Resolute's men also say that in addition to being Friday, to-morrow is the 23d, which, they declare, is almost as bad for a sailor as the 13th.

The fact that this is the thirteenth series for the America's Cup has convinced the men on both yachts that no good can come from sailing a race on Friday.

even then, that she had not a chance of overcoming the allowance of seven minutes and one second she conceded to the defender. She was overhauling Resolute surely, but too slowly to achieve the single victory she needs in order to capture the America's Cup. At 4:55 the tip of Shamrock's boom was even with Resolute's stern, and six minutes later they were fairly abreast with less than 100 feet separating the defender's hull from that of the challenger. By foot the green cup-chaser edged out in front of her rival and at 5:01 there was open water between them.

"Breaks" Favor Resolute

The wind had grown puff, and several times when Resolute's bow lay on the crest of a wave she spilled the wind out of her mainsail and spinnaker. Shamrock's canvas held well and she moved into a greater lead as the defender lost headway.

In the last quarter of a mile, however, Resolute made a desperate effort to regain the lead, and although the result of the contest was now beyond all doubt, this final drive for the line under full sail made a thrilling spectacle. The "breaks" were now in favor of Resolute when she was only 300 yards from the finish, and she came down to the committee boat in the finest sprint a cup yacht ever made.

It was now the American boat that was doing the overhauling, but the distance to the line was too short for her belated drive, and the challenger moved in over nineteen seconds in the lead.

Reducing her start of nineteen seconds from her elapsed time and allowing for the handicap conceded the defender, Shamrock finished in a dead heat with Resolute. It is the first time in the history of the America's Cup that such a thing has happened.

In the present cup series the challenger has two victories and the defender one. The next race will be on Friday.

How to treat your refrigerator and save ice

Keep the doors tightly closed, so that the cold air doesn't escape. Never put hot food into it.

Don't wrap the ice in blankets or papers; the whole principle of refrigeration—the constant circulation of air—is then stopped. Have the ice chamber filled regularly—it will cost less in the long run to keep the temperature as nearly uniform as possible. Use pure, clean ice.

Knickerbocker Ice is made from four-times filtered water, is frozen in sanitary containers and delivered in clean wagons.

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